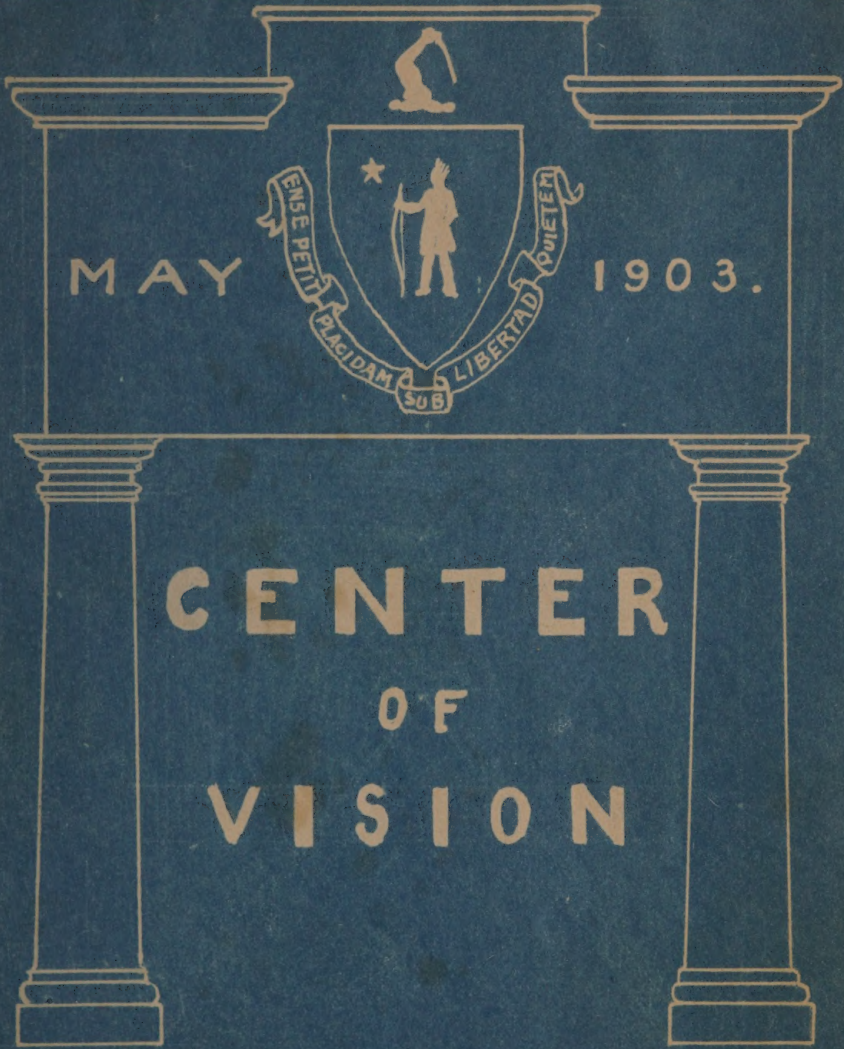


MAY 1903.

CENTER OF VISION

Published in the interests of the students of the Massachusetts Normal Art School.

TEN CENTS PER COPY

Articles for insertion may be addressed to Editor C. of V., Mass. Normal Art Sch.

VOL. I. MAY ≈ 1903 NO. 2

"With apologies to whom they are due."

THANK YOU.

We wish to express our appreciation of the enthusiasm and good-will with which all, both students and faculty, have supported our first issue. May this spirit continue.

ALL ABOARD.

What is the matter with Class A having a picnic? Those in favor say, "Aye". Opposed, "No"! The Ayes have it. Where? When? How? Let us have a committee to arrange details. Nominate Miss Holcomb, Mr. Allen, Miss Rogers, and two others whom they may select. Now go ahead.

APRIL AWARD.

We did not get quite as general a response to our call for contributions as we had hoped. However there were a few faithful ones.

We take pleasure in awarding this months prize of One Dollar for the best contribution to "The Spectator"

Answer to April Rebus.
Massachusetts Normal Art School.

WANTED.

Once more we appeal for cartoons, cover designs, illustrations, matter, and, in fact, any contribution suitable for our June issue which we wish to make extra attractive. A prize of One Dollar is again offered. Apply to the Editor for particulars.

Truly we begin to realize, now, the great amount of meaning in that little sentence, "Art is long, and time is fleeting." Do we not? We are energetically trying to get our heavy work all done ere heated Summer surprizes us.

We humbly apologize to our readers for the poor printing in this issue. We think it was caused by the printing-press having an attack of ague while at work. We trust it will not occur again.

It is a pleasure to listen to a lecture when the lecturer is not only master of his subject, but is an artist, orator, poet, actor, preacher, humorist, and story teller as well.

Help us to make our June number a masterpiece of its kind.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE MARTIN.

Freddy,- No, Pauline Potatoblossom is not of the Early Rose Variety. Do you want to make Rose madder?

Anxious,- You are mistakened. The troubled look that Mr. George wears is not due to misses in archery. He is wondering if the misses of Class A will earn their little cards for Class B.

D. Speptick,- We are sorry but Asedi declines to state what she had eaten on the night of the "Night mare."

Giddy Gladys,- The disturbance which you heard upstairs the other day was caused by three of the girls whom were caught by one of our Instructors skipping rope. We do not mean that the Instructor was indulging in that pastime, but the girls were getting in a little recreation.

Pessimistic One,- Yes, Uncle Martin, is always willing to give you good counsel. Care should be taken, however, to keep it in a cool place, well wrapped up, and in no case exposed to the air or sunlight.

Mae I. Asket,- It is not true that the gentleman, who, once a fortnight comes in and asks you to sit up straight, is an artist. He is merely "The Docter" and draws nothing but his pay.

Wat A. Kauler,- Oh, Mercy, no! You must paint from left to right, from light to dark, and from above downwards. This applies as well to wicker bottles as to ginger jars, and it is not proper for you to say, "Wouldn't that jar you, by Ginger!"

HEARD IN THE STUDIOS

Lost, strayed, or stolen!
The jokes that should be in this issue. Whoever can find a joke in this edition and will describe it clearly to the Editor will be liberally rewarded and no questions asked.

First Student - "Say, talk about drawing with feeling, don't you feel like a bad quarter when you've worked for a solid hour on a perspective problem and then find it wrong?"
Second Student - "I feel as though I had been sitting in one of Mr. Bartlett's Raccoco chairs."

First Upper Classman - "Have you seen that Center of Vision thing they have in Class A?"
Second Ditto - "Yes. What do you think of it?"
First - "Oh, it would do for a high school."
Second - "Or Tech."
First (five minutes later to Editor C. of V.) - "Say, have you got any more of those papers? I want a half a dozen if you have."

Heard after a severe criticism,
Of all sad words
Of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these,
I'm squelched again.

We still keep up our courage though Graves yawn before us.

Found! "Patience in a man"; Said man being our esteemed Mr. Andrew commonly known as "Dicky."

A DAY WITH CLASS A.

(Begun in April number.)

Owing to the congealing state of the atmosphere, we have all fallen into a blissful state of repose, out of which I wake to hear, "Your eyes are the best guide. Blur your eyes." And we hastily resume the task of making rail road tracks of our foreheads and a crow's playground of the vicinity about our eyes, those windows of the soul, you know, while our nasal organs describe indescribable curves and angles in our anxiety to arrive at the required point of sight. No one can not say that Class A is not willing to follow all directions given it.

The next thing to do, it seems, is to get your paper covered in less than no time. Now the only way in which to do that, in that length of time is to place it upon the floor with the most Grace(y)ful air you can muster, and place both feet upon it. When I do that my paper is covered completely with very little trouble. I might suggest that some pupils need use only one foot, but I shan't. Courtesy has ever been my rule in this vale of wilderness and woe.

However, that method, though the quickest, is not considered the best nor the most permanent, so we laboriously squint our eyes and scratch like mad until we have something, I shan't say what, upon our paper.

If I were confess my secret thoughts, I think mine looks very like a spider's web in a Western blizzard.

But from chaos, something finally emerges, which resembles, in a half-hearted manner, a lop-sided sugar-bowl and a ballet-dancing bottle.

"Insipid as dish-water," is the comment it receives from the higher powers, and I inwardly wonder if it is a type of its maker. Does our work resemble our characters? One of Mr. George's comments is, that follow all rules and principles as we may, our designs are eventually but expressions of ourselves. Ye gods and little fishes! I pray that my character be not like unto my designs.

Work goes merrily on in the twin studios until one of the pupils creates a diversion by attempting to make a speech suggested by Bacon. The effect is to start the Hunter upon her track, and she is finally delivered up to the Marshall.

But more anon, mabbe.

Pauline Potatoblossom.

Dressmaker.- Yes, I think you will find what you want in Mr. George's sky studio. They have the best and only Stiles in the class. A whole stack of them.

Uncle Martin.

A TRUE STORY.

Pen Point, employed in the office of the Center of Vision, was once sent to find a measuring point.

He went first to the Picture Plane where he was told, he had taken the wrong line of direction, that he should start at the forty-five degrees vanishing point, turn to the left, go the length of the radius, till he reached the station point, and there ask for the Spectator.

Pen did so but when he arrived at his destination, found that the Spectator was ten feet from the Horizon, and that he alone could direct him to the Measuring point as he had the ground plan in his pocket.

But just then, Pen caught the eye of the Spectator, who was coming down a line in oblique perspective.

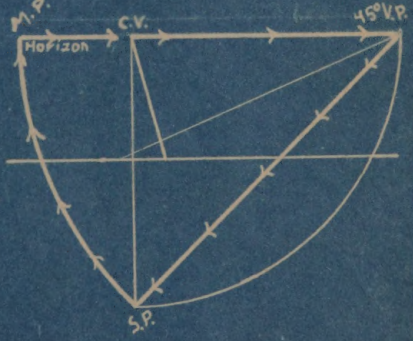
The Spectator excused his absence on the plea that he had been to the revolved station point to lay out a new diagram, and had just sent out a ruler to locate the nearest corner, two feet to the right and three within.

On hearing Pen's difficulties, the Spectator gave him a never-failing compass, with the direction, "Inscribe an arc till you reach the horizon, and there at the intersection you will find the best line of measuring points within the range of vision.

Pen thanked the Spectator and left the station point.

Having arrived safely at the horizon, he selected a fine sharp measuring point and hastened back to the office, where the instrument was put into immediate use by the Editor.

The Spectator.



Pen's probable journey.

REBUS.

My first is a name
Known to history and fame
And the first of our country
Was christened the same.
My second, a species of fruit, you
will find,
Which I think you'll agree
Is the best of its kind.
My whole, one whose presence
Is sometimes austere,
But whose voice in the lecture
hall,
Gladly we hear.

Asedi.

A FANCY.

The room is filled with girls and boys,
Yet one hears not a bit of noise,
'Tis still as death.
Each pupil o'er his work is bent,
Stares at his group, his eyes intent,
And holds his breath.

At last, one of the boldest there
Looks up, and, pushing back his chair,
In dignity,
Adjusts the blind, his impatience curbs,
No one, save he alone, disturbs
The solemnity.

'Tis done, and quiet reigns again,
Even the scratching of pencil or pen,
Is rarely heard.
O save us, save us, lest we rave,
'Tis the silence of the grave,
Oh, joy! The bell.

Beautiful Spring.

Spring is here with her balmy breezes
Causing asthma and frequent sneezes
And her far-exploited soft warm airs
Filled with the odor of paint and repairs
Each golden day with sunshine is teeming
Not to mention the Spring house cleaning
Now is the time for the rippling river
Making the stoutest heart to shiver
The fields and pastures and meadows are
lush
Hiding treacherous depths of slush
The little bird builds a nest for his dame
And the little brown-tail moth does the
same
And the Summer girl and the shirt-
waist man
Are hastening onward as fast as
they can
And worst of all, - and I ought to
know it
Is the yearly joke on the sad
Spring poet.

A NEW POINT OF VIEW.

Early to bed, and early to rise,
So the old proverb says,
Makes a man wise.
But if we must study
Till half past eleven
How under the sun
Can we get up at seven?
Tho' the air may be balmy
And blue be the skies
A soft bed is better
Than any sun-rise.

Hereafter anonymous poetry will not be published. Ed.

REITERATIONS.

True measurements may only be made on the picture plane.

The Picture Line, or Ground Line, is the line of measures for the ground plane. Any line lying on the ground may be measured by it.

The Horizon Line, or Eye Level, is the vanishing trace for all horizontal planes. Any retreating, horizontal line has its V.P. in the horizon.

To find the Measuring Point of a line, take its vanishing point as a centre, and the distance to the station point as a radius. Describe an arc to cut the horizon line. This applies to oblique perspective by using the station point in that diagram and the vanishing trace for the horizon line. Actually the arc cuts the picture plane at these vanishing traces.

Outlines are often a great help toward making a good design better.

Good accenting adds a tremendous amount to an otherwise merely passable drawing.

Nature herself is the best and only reliable teacher of art and design.

Design, to be good, must have the feeling of repose. A visible lack of stability is to be avoided. Balance is a law of nature. Value affects balance.

The lessons we may learn by studying the schools of ornament,

Egyptian – Strength
Greek – Simplicity
Roman – Enrichment
Saracenic – Invention
Byzantine – Geometry
Gothic – Mixed.

All these schools learned from Nature.

A "poverty-striken" palette often explains a poor painting.

One cannot do good water color on an unevenly stretched paper.

ECHOES FROM CLASS 8.

MISS MARCEAU, EDITOR

"Mortal beauty passes away, but not Art"
Leonardo da Vinci.

Of late horses have figured prominently in our comps. While not precisely of the toy ark order, yet ———

Once again with camp stools of questionable structure under one arm, and paint boxes under the other we wander forth in search for appropriate street scenes for Perspective sketches. Experiences on these expeditions are many and varied.

THE AMBITIOUS ARTIST.

—With apologies to George Ade.

A Girl with long eye winkers went to a certain school. She was ambitious about her Average. She did not have to take Perspective the Third Time. Her name was not on the Want Column. When the Day came she took her Borrowed Triangles to the Examination. Before long her Head ached. [Besides the Examination was Hard.] She worked Hard and got Zero.

However, her Cross teacher told her not to Worry. She might do Better on the Others. If she gets One Hundred on the next, she will only have to take Four more to bring her Average up to where it was Before—

Moral:— Let well enough Alone.

THE SUNSHINE MAN.

We are huddled up together,
In the dingy studio.
It is hot and muggy weather.
From the city far below,
Rise the murmurs, never ceasing,
Of the traffic's ebb and flow.

There's a foot upon the stairway,
There's a figure at the door,
And a blithe "Good-morning", ringing
Happy echoes by the score.
And the master brings his sunshine,
To the gloom and heat once more.

See! He's bowing most politely.
With a bright "May I sit down?"
With a twist of magic fingers,
Sketches in Old Henry's frown,
Half-closed eye-lids o'er the twinkle
In his keen, small eyes of brown.

All the sunshine of his gladness,
Is encouragement indeed.
And the wisdom of his helping
Always gives the thing we need.
May we have as kind a critic
In the world to chide and lead.

So, here's to the Sunshine Man!
Wherever he may be,
With his optimism wholesome,
And his smile for you and me.
With his sympathy and wisdom,
And his smile for you and me.

Jack.

EVERY STUDENT IS A REPORTOR FOR THE CENTER OF VISION.

IF YOUR CLASS OR STUDIO IS NOT RERRESENTED, WHY NOT?